

INTO THE UNKNOWN

HOME TOWN NEWS

SAYS IT WITH FLOWERS, TOO.

MOST multi-lingual figure in London to-day is Dr. B. Schindler, head of a foreign language printing and publishing service.

He speaks, reads, writes every language in Europe, and is a dab hand at Chinese, Tibetan, Siamese, Hebrew, Arabic, Pushtu, Bengali and Singhalese, and is now going ahead to master others.

The first half-dozen or so are the hardest, he says.

WEST COUNTRY "AUCTIONEERESS."

BELIEVED to be the only "auctioneers" in the West Country, Mrs. J. Sawdye, of Ashburton, can be seen most market days at Newton Abbot, "knocking 'em down" to Devon farmers.

Her speciality is poultry auctions, but she also sells houses and furniture.

She is carrying on her husband's business while he has "other business on hand" with the Eighth Army.

But Mrs. Sawdye is not content with one job. She works every day as a nurse from nine in the morning till two in the afternoon—and then does her auctioneering.

In her "spare time" recently she organised a sale for the Red Cross.

FISHY—BUT TRUE.

WHEN you want a fish, you normally want a line, some bait, and—let us say, a rod.

Two R.N. divers dispensed with all these—but still they got their fish.

It happened when R. M. Woods, of Streatham, London, and T. A. Brown, of South Ashford, Kent, were working at Philippeville, Algeria.

Woods, when "Under the Surface," saw a mullet swimming past him. And attached to the mullet was a length of catgut. So Wood grabbed the catgut.

He got the fish all right, for inside the mullet was a hook. He brought the fish to the surface with him.

It was the first time in ten years of diving that either of the R.N. men had got a catch. They had fish for supper.

TWO HD MIL-PRES & JK.

ANY of you boys in the "Iron Game"?

If so, we need not explain the above flag-wag. But, for the others, it means Two-Hand Military Press and Jerk. One of those terms used in Weight Lifting, the sport of the healthy and strength.

Latest to enter the daily work-out is an A.A. team in a London suburb. They can't help it; their Sarge is Alec Murray, light-weight lifting champ. of Scotland, on the "Olympic lifts."

He works them out every morn'g morn by military presses with 56lb. shells.

"They handle the stuff slick on raid nights," says Alec.

Did Fawcett find the "Lost City"?

Somewhere in the Jungle Continent of the Brazilian Matto Grosso, many say, is a "Lost City," a capital of a lost race which refuses to approach modern civilisation.

A Portuguese expedition two centuries ago said they found the city, but were afraid to go into it.

Many expeditions have set out on this mysterious quest; many have disappeared, killed by savage Indians or dying of exhaustion.

British Colonel Fawcett 18 years ago made a determined effort to prove what he sincerely believed—that the "Lost City" was no myth, but a reality. He and his party disappeared—but since then, encouraged by "proof" that Colonel Fawcett was still alive and had discovered his "Lost City," other expeditions have gone out. Some in their turn have disappeared.

In the civilised strip of coast that skirts the Matto Grosso jungle, in the highly modernised city of Rio de Janeiro, you will find many who know the jungle who swear that Fawcett succeeded where others failed.

THE mystery of the fate of Colonel Fawcett, the British explorer, who disappeared 18 years ago in the "Green Hell" of the unknown jungles of Central Brazil, has been intensified by new discoveries.

A golden compass and a rare book called "Government of Men" have been brought out of the jungle by a famous Brazilian explorer, Colonel Mario Barata, and he says it is certain that they belonged to Colonel Fawcett.

The compass and the book, he adds, were given him by the Murcielagos or "Bat" Indians on the River of Death, deep in the jungle.

It was in the early summer of 1925 that Colonel Fawcett, accompanied by his son Jack and another Englishman, Raleigh Rimell, plunged into the greatest unexplored area in the world. They were searching for the "Lost City of the Matto Grosso," first reported 200 years ago by a Portuguese exploration party.

RESCUE EFFORTS FAIL.

A month later Colonel Fawcett's party had disappeared. Since then, seven rescue attempts have been made to find Colonel Fawcett. Two of these rescue parties have themselves disappeared without trace, swallowed up by the Matto Grosso.

The most determined of these attempts was by a Swiss trapper, Stephan Rattin, who brought back from the Matto Grosso a curious ring, which Colonel Fawcett's wife identified as her husband's.

The gold ring—a twisted snake with ruby eyes—was always worn by Colonel Fawcett, she declared.

On the strength of Rattin's story, an expedition was raised and the party set off, strongly armed, well equipped, and carrying a short-wave portable transmitter.

In the depths of the Matto Grosso there is a saying:—



The jewelled humming bird. The jungle's only beauty.

"You are all right so long as you stick to the rivers."

Messages were received twice a day from Rattin's party—so long as they were in their boats, heading for Cuyaba, 750 miles from the Brazilian coast.

But—once the party started to trek overland, the messages became more infrequent.

"INDIANS RESTIVE."

The last message was:—

"Murcielagos Indians seem restive. Several of our porters have deserted. To-day, across our path we met a rope from which were hanging red feathers. It looks unhealthy, but we are pushing on."

Then there was silence. That was ten years ago—and nothing more has ever been heard of Rattin and his party.

Two other exploration parties have set out—and returned after giving up the attempt to trek overland.

And to-day the discovery of the gold compass and the rare book has raised again the questions:—

Is Colonel Fawcett still alive? Did he discover the "Lost City"?

The most probable answer to the first question is: Colonel Fawcett, if he was not killed by the Murcielagos, would now be over 75 years of age, and it

is doubtful whether a white man could live to that age in the sweltering depths of one of the hottest regions in the world.

But the "Lost City"?

That is a different matter, for now we move from the probable to the possible.

THE JUNGLE CONTINENT.

The unexplored Matto Grosso is the equivalent, in size to the whole of Europe, without Russia. Air photographs and mapping show nothing except thousands of miles of tree-tops broken by a few rivers and waterways.

You can believe what you like about the Matto Grosso—there is no one to contradict you.

You can plumb for prehistoric monsters, white Indians wearing pure gold ornaments, for a lost civilisation.

Fawcett—like many who have traded with Indians deep in the interior of the Matto Grosso—was strong in his belief that somewhere in that jungle continent was a lost city and a lost people. The fabled Atlantis, the continent that was "swallowed up by the sea," is, according to some, originated by the real lost continent, swallowed up by the jungles of Brazil.



Just one peril—the Matto Grosso puma.

LOST CITY DISCOVERY.

The first "proof" of the "Lost City" is an account written by a Portuguese explorer two centuries ago.

In 1743, a small party, consisting of six Portuguese and a dozen negro slaves, with a train of 20 Indians, set out in quest of some half-fabulous silver and gold mines. They set off down the Xingu "River of Death," which branches off the Amazon deep towards Cuyaba.

Eleven years later one man returned, and this is his story. In the heart of the Central Plateau they came upon a sudden jagged range of mountains. Climbing up a crevice in the precipitous sides, they emerged on a table-land, and saw before them in the distance the outlines of a city—a city massively built with huge blocks of stone. The city, he added, seemed deserted. But nearby were paths clear of jungle creeper and roads newly made.

Fever and fights with Indians had reduced the party to three men, the Portuguese goes on, and they were afraid to go into the city.

On the return journey his two companions died, and he was the only man to get back to civilisation. The Portuguese started to raise another expedition, but before he could succeed he himself died.

One hundred years later the Brazilian Government unearthed this document, and an

armed expedition was raised to search for the "Lost City."

The expedition clashed continuously with hostile Indians while going down the River of Death, and the attempt was given up when malaria affected half the Brazilian soldiers.

THE LAST EXPEDITION.

What did Fawcett think himself?

In 1925 he wrote:—"There is certainly a lost civilisation in the depths of the Brazilian jungle. The general location and surrounding topography of this lost people are known to only three men. One was a Frenchman, whose last attempt to get there cost him an eye, and it is probable he will make no more; the second is an Englishman, who is suffering from an advanced stage of cancer; and the third is myself."

Five years earlier Fawcett had made an abortive attempt to penetrate the regions north of Cuyaba; the expedition was held up by floods and his companions broke down. Fawcett had to turn back.

It was not a thing he was accustomed to doing. He was a powerful and determined man.

He set out on his second—and final—exploration. "We shall find the Lost City," he declared.

What is your verdict? Did Fawcett succeed? Is he alive?

AND THEY STILL TRY

WHEN guns, expeditions and planes failed, the Brazilian Government tried to entice the wild and dangerous Indians of the Matto Grosso to come but and make friends. And that in itself is a risky job.

"ATTRACTION POSTS."

The huge Matto Grosso has been, somewhat ambitiously, divided into ten "Government Departments," and "Attraction Posts," stocked with objects likely to arouse cupidity in a primitive people have been set up.

Tall trees are fitted with steps and armoured crows' nests erected, where, towards evening, interpreters cry aloud through the jungle messages of amity. Lanes cut to Brazilian armed camps are hung, every half-mile or so, with presents.

The messages are cried out only as darkness falls; the Murcielagos are called the "Bat Indians," because they go hunting at night and sleep during the day.

MUSIC DOES NOT CALM.

Music is sometimes employed to attract the fierce tribes. At night the walls of the viola float over the forest, and when the Indians draw near, messages spoken in their own tongue are called out, offering beads, cloth and food, which await their coming in friendship to the camps of the white men.

Often the only reply is the zip! zip! of poisoned darts and arrows fired at the armoured crows' nest.

But sometimes, at the outskirts of the jungle, the Indians' distrust is overcome and the savages drift into the camps, suspicious, alert. It is a tense moment; one false move on the part of the Brazilians and the fight will begin.

After several weeks of peaceful offerings by the white men, the "Attraction Post" is moved further into the jungle.

But, so slow is progress, that it is estimated it will be somewhere round A.D. 2343 before the posts have entered the region where the "Lost City" is said to be.



What happens when you leave the rivers—thick jungle.

MONDAY.

THIS new creature with the long hair is a good deal in the way. It is always hanging around and following me about. I don't like this; I am not used to company. I wish it would stay with the other animals. . . .

Cloudy to-day, wind in the east; think we shall have rain. . . . WE? Where did I get that word? . . . I remember now—the new creature uses it.

TUESDAY.

BEEN examining the great waterfall. It is the finest thing on the estate, I think. The new creature calls it Niagara Falls—why, I am sure I do not know. Says it looks like Niagara Falls. That is not a reason; it is mere waywardness and imbecility.

I get no chance to name anything myself. The new creature names everything that comes along, before I can get in a protest. And always that same pretext is offered—it LOOKS like the thing.

There is the dodo, for instance. Says the moment one looks at it one sees at a glance that it "looks like a dodo."

It will have to keep that name, no doubt. It wearies me to fret about it, and it does no good, anyway. Dodo! It looks no more like a dodo than I do.

WEDNESDAY.

BUILT me a shelter against the rain, but could not have it to myself in peace. The new creature intruded.

When I tried to put it out it shed water out of the holes it looks with, and wiped it away with the back of its paws, and made a noise such as some of the other animals make when they are in distress.

I wish it would not talk; it is always talking. That sounds like a cheap fling at the poor creature, a slur; but I do not mean it so.

I have never heard the human voice before, and any new and strange sound intruding itself here upon the solemn hush of these dreaming solitudes offends my ear and seems a false note.

And this new sound is so close to me; it is right at my shoulder, right at my ear, first on one side and then on the other, and I am used only to sounds that are more or less distant from me.

FRIDAY.

THE naming goes recklessly on, in spite of anything I can do. I had a very good name for the estate, and it was musical and pretty—GARDEN-OF-EDEN.

Privately, I continue to call it that, but not any longer publicly.

The new creature says it is all woods and rocks and scenery, and therefore has no resemblance to a garden. Says it LOOKS like a park, and does not look like anything BUT a park.

Consequently, without consulting me, it has been new-named—NIAGARA FALLS PARK. This is sufficiently high-handed, it seems to me. And already there is a sign up:

KEEP OFF
THE GRASS

My life is not as happy as it was.

SATURDAY.

THE new creature eats too much fruit. We are going to run short, most likely.

We are privileged to be able to present to our readers some extracts from the original of

ADAM'S DIARY

deciphered from chipped messages found on stones by that eminent archaeologist
MARK TWAIN

"We" again—that is ITS word; mine, too, now, from hearing it so much.

Good deal of fog this morning. I do not go out in the fog myself.

The new creature does. It goes out in all weathers, and stumps right in with its muddy feet. And talks. It used to be so pleasant and quiet here.

SUNDAY.

PULLED through. This day is getting to be more and more trying.

It was selected and set apart last November as a day of rest.

I already had six of them per week, before. This morning found the new creature trying to clod apples out of that forbidden tree.

MONDAY.

THE new creature says its name is Eve. That is all right, I have no objections. Says it is to call it by when I want it to come.

I said it was superfluous, then. The word evidently raised me in its respect, and indeed it is a large, good word, and will bear repetition.

It says it is not an it, it is a She. This is probably doubtful; yet it is all one to me; what she is were nothing to me if she would but go by herself and not talk.

TUESDAY. SHE has littered the whole estate with execrable names and offensive signs:—

THIS WAY TO THE WHIRLPOOL.
THIS WAY TO GOAT ISLAND.
CAVE OF THE WINDS THIS WAY.

She says this park would make a tidy summer



resort, if there was any custom for it. Summer resort—another invention of hers—just words, without any meaning.

What is a summer resort? But it is best not to ask her, she has such a rage for explaining.

FRIDAY.

SHE has taken to beseeching me to stop going over the Falls. What harm does it do? Says it makes her shudder. I wonder why.

I have always done it—always liked the plunge, and the excitement, and the coolness. I supposed it was what the Falls were for.

They have no other use that I can see, and they must have been made for something. She says they were only made for scenery—like the rhinoceros and the mastodon.

I went over the Falls in a barrel—not satisfactory to her. Went over in a tub—still not satisfactory. Swam the Whirlpool and the Rapids in a fig-leaf suit. It got much damaged. Hence, tedious complaints about my extravagance.

I am too much hampered here. What I need is change of scene.

SATURDAY.

I ESCAPED last Tuesday night, and travelled two days, and built me another shelter, in a secluded place, and obliterated my tracks as

well as I could, but she hunted me out by means of a beast which she has tamed and calls a wolf, and came making that pitiful noise again, and shedding that water out of the places she looks with.

I was obliged to return with her, but will presently emigrate again, when occasion offers.

She engages herself in many foolish things; among others, trying to study out why the animals called lions and tigers live on grass and flowers, when, as she says, the sort of teeth they wear would indicate that they were intended to eat each other.

This would be foolish, because to do that would be to kill each other, and that would introduce what, as I understand it, is called "death"; and death, as I have been told, has not yet entered the Park.

Which is a pity, on some accounts.

SUNDAY.

PULLED through.

MONDAY.

I BELIEVE I see what the week is for; it is to give time to rest up from the weariness of Sunday. It seems a good idea.

She has been climbing that tree again. Clodded her out of it. She said nobody was looking.

Seems to consider that a sufficient justification for chancing any dangerous thing. Told her that.

The word justification moved her admiration—and envy, too, I thought. It is a good word.

THURSDAY.

SHE told me she was made out of a rib taken from my body.

This is at least doubtful, if not more than that. I have not missed any rib.

She is in much trouble about the buzzard; says grass does not agree with it; is afraid she can't raise it; thinks it was intended to live on decayed flesh.

The buzzard must get along the best it can with what is provided.

We cannot overturn the whole scheme to accommodate the buzzard.

SATURDAY.

SHE fell in the pond yesterday, when she was looking at herself in it, which she is always doing. She nearly strangled, and said it was most uncomfortable.

This made her sorry for the creatures which live in there, which she calls fish, for she continues to fasten names on to things that don't need them and don't come when they are called by them, which is a matter of no consequence to her, as she is such a numskull anyway.

So she got a lot of them out and brought them in last night and put them in my bed to keep warm, but I have noticed them now and then all day, and I don't see that they are any happier there than they were before, only quieter.

When night comes I shall throw them outdoors.

I will not sleep with them again, for I find them clammy and unpleasant to lie among when a person hasn't anything on.

SUNDAY.

PULLED through.

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A pachyderm is—a kind of suit-case, the scales of a fish, an extinct monster, a plant, an elephant?
2. Who wrote (a) "Jew Suss," (b) "The Jew of Malta"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Roast, Grill, Bake, Boil, Toast, Fry?
4. Who is the Patron Saint of Music?
5. Who said, "It is a far, far

better thing that I do than I have ever done?"

6. What mythical character held up the world on his shoulders?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Lamentation, Lamination, Lambant, Lammergeyer, Lamentable?

8. If it is noon in England, is it a.m. or p.m. in America?

9. Who was Old Pew?

10. Complete correctly: "The evil that men do lives after them."

11. When was the present International Signal Code universally adopted?

12. What is a mugwump?

A fool must now and then be right by chance.
Cowper.

Answers to Quiz in No. 149

1. Man-headed fish.
2. (a) Sir Walter Scott, (b) Christopher Marlowe.
3. Tables are not made to sit upon; the others are.
4. A side of bacon.
5. The Dwarf in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."
6. A paragon is a pattern or model; a paragon is a job which is subsidiary to another job.
7. Reconnaissance, Recon-pense.
8. Sir Isaac Newton.
9. A character in Dickens's "Hard Times."
10. "... consider her ways and be wise."
11. 1415.
12. A variety of apple.

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in CHISEL, but not in PLANE,
My second's in PORTUGAL, not in SPAIN,
My third is in STRATEGY, not in TACTICS,
My fourth's not in JUMPING, but GYMNASTICS,
My fifth is in MOVEMENT, not in CRAWL,
My sixth is in LUGGER, but not in YAWL,
My seventh's in HAILING and in HAUL,
My eighth is in ROPES, but not in RIGGING,
My ninth is in VICTORY, not in DIGGING.

(Answer on Page 3)

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9				10		11	12
13					14		
15					16		
			17		18		
19	20	21		22		23	24
	25	26			27		
28					29	30	31
32				33			
34				35			
	36					37	

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Vehicle.
3. Spring.
9. Famous Latin poet.
11. Part of ear.
12. Flowering plant.
14. Soothe.
15. Anaesthetic.
16. Absolute.
17. White dog.
19. Fish.
22. Plan.
23. Cerise.
25. Big deer.
28. Fundamental.
29. Scotch boy.
32. Constellation.
33. Sense of taste.
34. Observed.
35. Boy's name.
36. Reptile.
37. Female animals.

ORANGES
ABET HORN T
NEWTS BARGE
GREET'S SORE
G RATAPLAN
LAD NAG SPY
AMENDING N
POLO DEADEN
STUMP SMILE
E DAUB PEST
LEDGERS T

CLUES DOWN.

1. Screw groove.
2. Source.
3. Roguish.
4. Con-structs.
5. Permit.
6. Mixture.
7. Pigeon.
8. Out down.
10. Of the potter's art.
12. Narrow leaf.
16. Of current interest.
18. Dull.
20. Conscious.
21. Short-legged dog.
24. Cars wherein food is served.
26. Musically soft.
27. Of stable shape.
28. Shrub.
30. Volcanic matter.
31. Piece of news.
33. Shuck.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE

A MAN had three accounts totalled exactly what he still had to pay on the other two combined. No pence were involved. What were the amounts of the three bills?

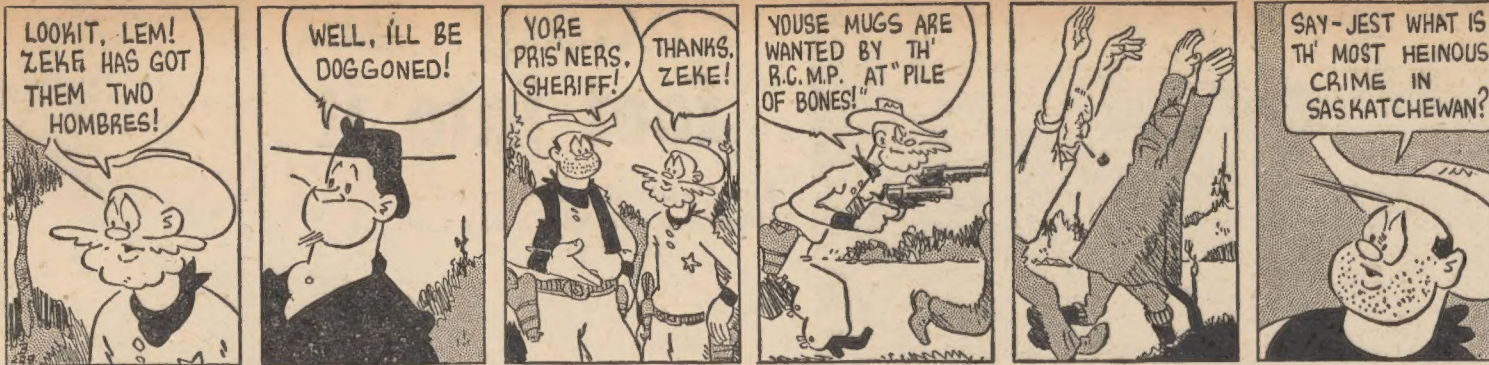
(Solution in No. 151)

Solution to Numerical Puzzle in No. 149.

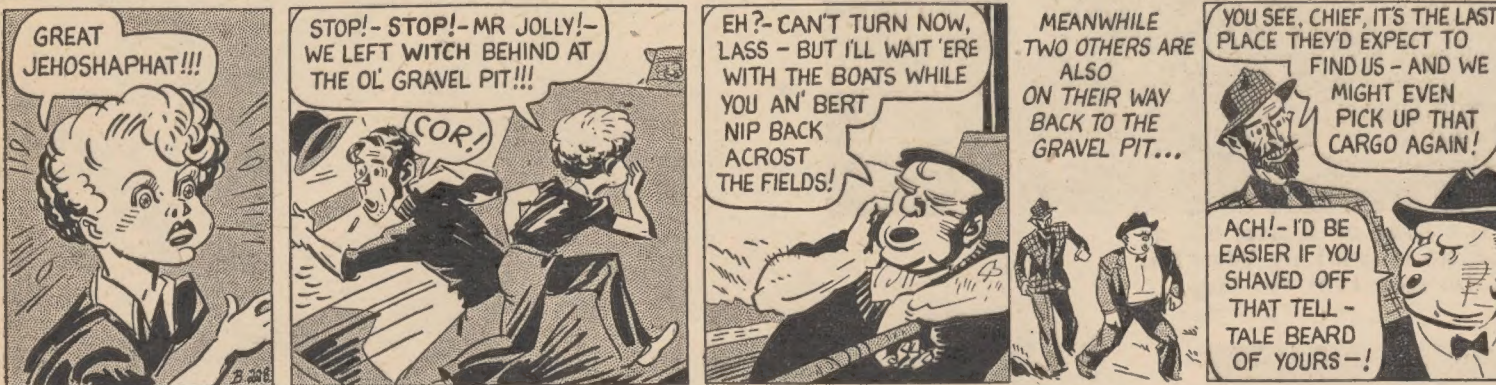
179
537
716



BEELZEBUB JONES



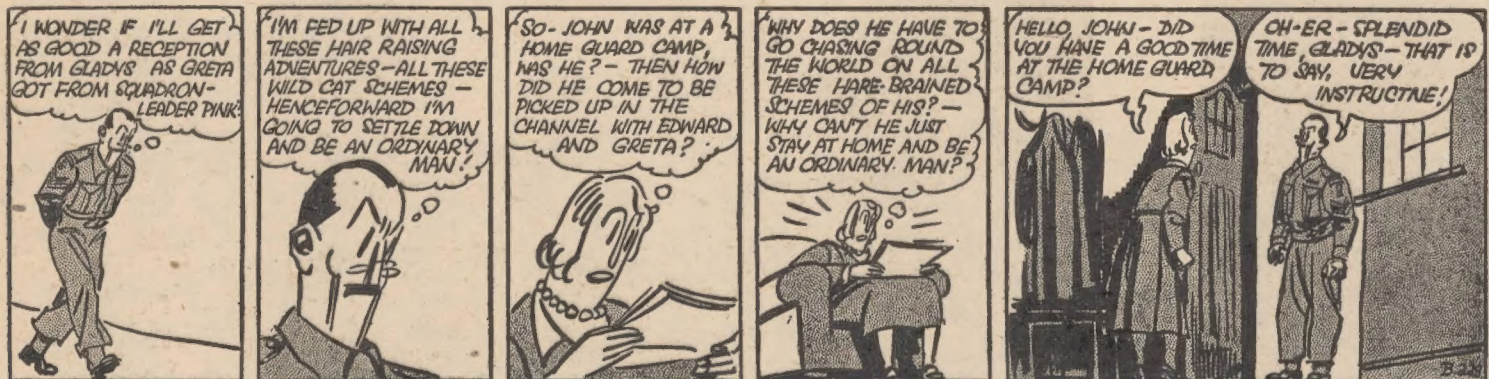
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Adam's Diary

Continued from Page 2.

TUESDAY.
SHE has taken up with a snake now. The other animals are glad, for she was always experimenting with them and bothering them.
And I am glad, because the snake talks, and this enables me to get a rest.

FRIDAY.
SHE says the snake advises her to try the fruit of that tree, and says the result will be a great and fine and noble education. I told her there would be another result, too—it would introduce death into the world. That was a mistake—it had been better to keep the remark to myself; it only gave her an idea—she could save the sick buzzard, and furnish fresh meat to the despondent lions and tigers.
I advised her to keep away from the tree. She said she wouldn't.
I foresee trouble. Will emigrate.

WEDNESDAY.
I HAVE had a variegated time. I escaped that night, and rode a horse all night as fast as he could go, hoping to get clear out of the Park and hide in some other country before the trouble should begin; but it was not to be.
About an hour after sunup, as I was riding through a flowery plain where thousands of animals were grazing, slumbering, or playing with each other, according to their wont, all of a sudden they broke into a tempest of frightful noises, and in one moment the plain was in a frantic commotion and every beast was destroying its neighbor.

I knew what it meant—Eve had eaten that fruit, and death was come into the world. . . . The tigers ate my horse, paying no attention when I ordered them to desist, and they would even have eaten me if I had stayed—which I didn't, but went away in much haste.
I found this place, outside the Park, and was fairly comfortable for a few days, but she has found me out. Found me out, and has named the place Tonawanda—says it LOOKS like that.

In fact, I was not sorry she came, for there are but meagre pickings here, and she brought some of those apples.

I was obliged to eat them, I was so hungry. It was against my principles, but I find that principles have no real force except when one is well fed.

She came curtained in boughs and bunches of leaves, and when I asked her what she meant by such nonsense, and snatched them away and threw them down, she giggled and blushed.

I had never seen a person titter and blush before, and to me it seemed unbecoming and idiotic.

She said I would soon know how it was myself.

This was correct. Hungry as I was, I laid down the apple half-eaten—certainly the best one I ever saw, considering the lateness of the season—and arrayed myself in the discarded boughs and branches, and then spoke to her with some severity, and ordered her to go and get some more and not make such a spectacle of herself.

She did it, and after this we crept down to where the wild-beast battle had been, and collected some skins, and I made her patch together a couple of suits proper for public occasions.

They are uncomfortable, it is true, but stylish, and that is the main point about clothes.

I find she is a good deal of a companion. I see I should be lonesome and depressed without her, now that I have lost my property.

Another thing, she says it is ordered that we work for our living hereafter. She will be useful. I will superintend.

TEN DAYS LATER.
SHE accuses me of being the cause of our disaster!

She says, with apparent sincerity and truth, that the Serpent assured her that the forbidden fruit was not apples, it was chestnuts.

I said I was innocent, then, for I had not eaten any chestnuts.

She said the Serpent informed her that "chestnut" was a figurative term meaning an aged and mouldy joke.

I turned pale at that, for I have made many jokes to pass the weary time, and some of them could have been of that sort, though I had honestly supposed that they were new when I made them.

She asked me if I had made one just at the time of the catastrophe. I was obliged to admit that I had made one to myself, though not aloud.

It was this. I was thinking about the Falls, and I said to myself, "How wonderful it is to see that vast body of water tumble down there!" Then in an instant a bright thought flashed into my head, and I let it fly, saying, "It would be a deal more wonderful to see it tumble up there!"—and I was just about to kill myself with laughing at it when all nature broke loose in war and death, and I had to flee for my life.

"There," she said, with triumph, "that is just it; the Serpent mentioned that very jest, and called it the First Chestnut, and said it was coeval with the creation."

Alas, I am indeed to blame. Would that I were not witty; oh, would that I had never had that radiant thought!

(To be continued)

Solution to Allied Ports: STRANRAER.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



Gentlemen, allow us to present the King of Beasts taking refreshment, and, believe it or not, he is drinking WATER. His two pals don't seem able to stomach the idea.



Look out, fellahs — Here's the "Champ." Boy, oh, boy, does he look ferocious? See how he watches his opponent's feet . . . Shades of Jim Driscoll



Putting her foot into it

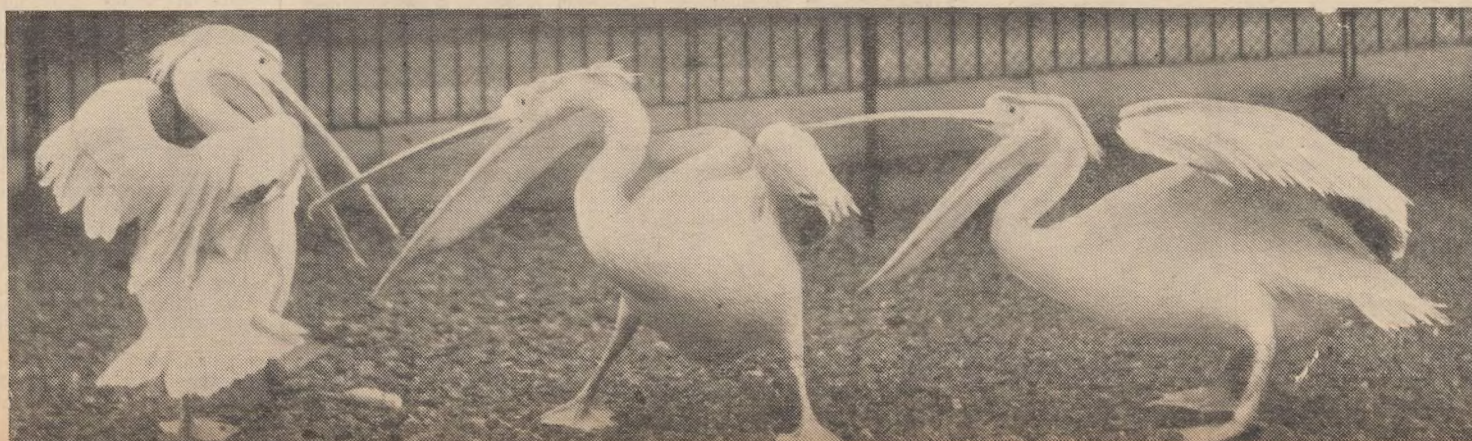
But Desda Kumari looks as though she'll skate away with it, anyway.



This England

Made famous by Constable the painter, Flatford Bridge, Suffolk, is visited by people from all over the world.

"Lay off my girl, you phil-anderer"



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"The 'Love Bug' has got HIM O.K."

